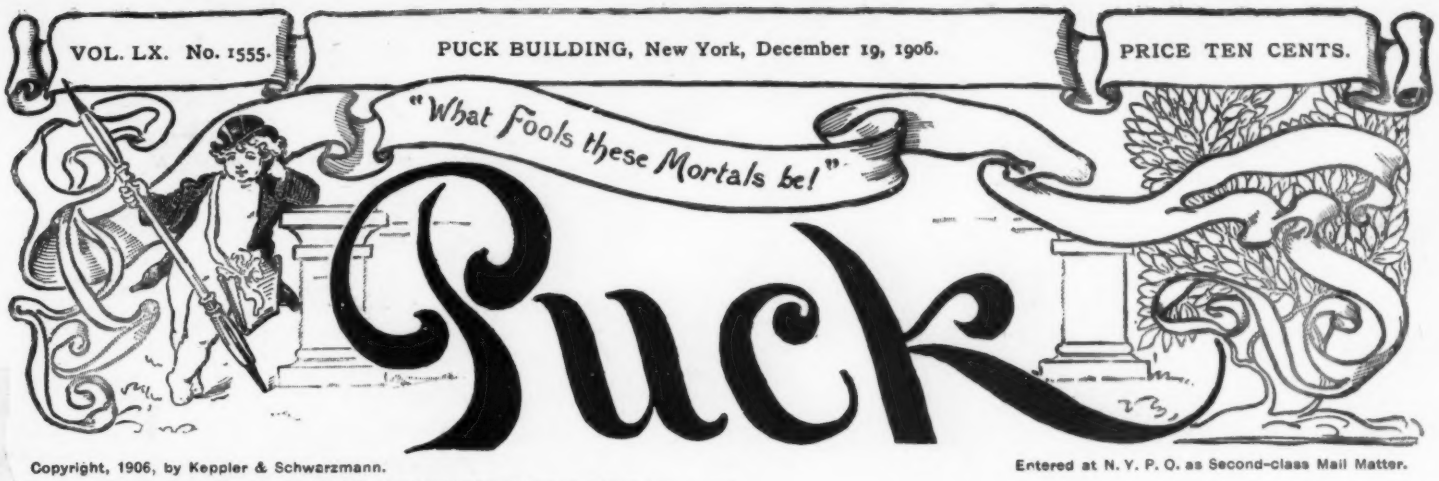
VOL. LX. No. 1555. PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 19, 1906. PRICE TEN CENTS.



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THE THICK-SKIN VARIETY.

The Red Rose.

She wore a red rose in her hair,
  Her hair was black, the rose was red.
It made a striking contrast there,
  At least, so all the women said
But still the men did not aspire
  To win her favor. Some strange dread
Induced them rather to retire —
  Alas! her nose was also red!

A red, red rose! A red, red nose!
  How different the concepts are!
With men the union seldom goes,
  For men are so particular!
And so the fair one languished there,
  Despite the rose that crowned her head,
Despite the red rose in her hair —
  Alas! the lady's nose was red!

— *Somerville Journal.*

STANDARD OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE

The "Great Western" Champagne Made By the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., at Rheims, N. Y.

The Pleasant Valley Wine Company enjoys the distinction of being the oldest and largest champagne house in America, and a half century has elapsed since they commenced business in the lovely valley, near the shores of Keuka Lake, where soil, climate and the most favorable general conditions, combine to produce vintages specially adapted to make the finest Champagne in the United States, a broad statement truly, but one verified by facts. The Great Western Champagne has for years been recognized as being the standard of all American brands. It was the only American brand which received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition in competition with the world, and has won prizes wherever exhibited. Better still, on the table and in the sick room, it has been proven to be pure, wholesome, and a life giving beverage for those who need a tonic, gently stimulating and rich with the best juices of the grape. Its flavor and delicious taste are also points of constant superiority. The company pays the highest prices for the very best grapes and even then throws out all but the finest before the juice is pressed out. Every little particle of skin and every seed is then taken out, before the juice is placed in the casks for the first fermentation. After racking off into other casks, the fermentation is allowed to proceed until the different kinds of grape juice are ready to be blended in just the right proportions for bottling. After bottling the fermentation continues in different temperature conditions, the sediment is removed and the champagne allowed to thoroughly ripen. During this manipulation, covering at this cellar, three years, each bottle is handled about 200 times and not a single detail suggested by experience and the wine makers skill is omitted.

The plant and cellars, or rather vast vaults, are constructed in strict accordance with the most modern ideas as to securing the best results, regardless of expense, combined with a close adherence to the old European methods which have been perfected for ages. The Pleasant Valley Wine Company also produces still wines and brandies of equal excellence. All their productions are sold for just what they are and they have never put out an imitation brand of any kind whatever. All of their goods are guaranteed to stand the tests, not only of the Pure Food Bill, recently passed by Congress, but also all laws passed by the individual states relative to the rigid inspection of wines for the table or sickness.

The Pleasant Valley Wine Company is fortunate in having able business men connected with its management. The president is William H. Nichols, the directors are H. M. Champlin, W. H. Nichols, D. Bauder, C. B. Seeley, C. A. Champlin and L. J. Masson. Mr. Bauder, the active manager of the company, became connected with the business in January, 1868, and has been secretary and treasurer over 30 years. He is a gentleman of splendid business capacity and is truly an expert in the wine-making industry. He gives the business his close attention all the time and under his able management the volume of production has constantly increased.

Mr. Bauder is also president of the bank of Hammondsport and stands high in business circles.

DANGEROUS.

Mrs. Topnest.—Mrs. Owl, over in the next tree, is fearfully worried about her eldest son.

Mr. Topnest.—What's the matter with him?

Mrs. Topnest.—Why, she can't break him of his habit of sleep-flying.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweetened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

Its Ticks the Christmas Way.

"One day less till Christmas!"
  That's what the young ones say:
The old clock on the mantel
  It "ticks" the Christmas way!

One day less till Christmas!—
  Don't take a holiday,
Old clock there, on the mantel!—
  Still "tick" the Christmas way!

— *Atlanta Constitution.*

Not a Matter of Principle.

"Didn't you say that the bosses must go?"

"I did."

"And here you are setting yourself up as a boss."

"Certainly. Why did you suppose I wanted the other fellows to go?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Her Christmas Wreath.

"I would not wear the laurel," said the dear, coquettish maid,
"For of the pathway leading unto fame I am afraid;
The cedar is too somber, and the holly is too gay;
I will not wear the willow, and I cannot wear the bay;
The rose is out of season, and the lily, too, and so,
I think, on Christmas eve I'll wear a wreath of mistletoe!"

— *Woman's Home Companion.*

A Pleasant Theory

(A popular scientist says the human anatomy is merely a great electric battery.)

Oh, do not blame me when my nerves
  Grow frail and tempest tost;
'Tis pity that my fate deserves —
  Perchance my wires are crossed.
And when in indolence I dream,
  With all ambition fled,
I'm not so lazy as I seem —
  I'm just short-circuited.

'Tis not my fault if I have slipped
  The ways of fame and power.
It happens that I am equipped
  For some few volts an hour.
The best that's in us, let us do,
  And scorn remorseful pains —
Some making just a spark or two,
  While some move railway trains.

— *Washington Star.*

Be Genial.

That he who laughs last laughs best
  We're often told, but I'm
Quite sure it's best to laugh and jest
  First, last and all the time.

— *Philadelphia Ledger.*

Pears'

The skin welcomes Pears' Soap. It gently cleanses, freshens, and beautifies. Never irritates nor acts harshly.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Get it anywhere.

Beat the Shivers.

Autumn, showering down its leaves,
  Shows the year is nearly gone;
And the wise guy now receives
  This straight tip to put 'em on.

— *Indianapolis News.*

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Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

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EXPENSIVE.

The lawyers poles a crafty art,
For when on him we call,
Expecting him to take our part,
He's apt to take our all.
— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE FINAL AUTHORITY.

"Paw, you believe in spelling reform, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you'll have to spell 'sure' shure, won't you?"

"My boy, we'll have to pass that up to the President."— *Phil. Ledger.*

OBJECT TO CROW.

BILL.— I see crows are very useful; one destroys 700,000 insects a year.

JILL.— No wonder politicians object to eating it.— *Yonkers Statesman.*

MERGER or no merger, the smaller railway companies manage to get together somehow.— *Washington Star.*

The lilac's fragrance is delightfully embodied in

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LILAC VEGETAL

The exquisite French toilet preparation for men and women

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For men after shaving

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Meet All the Requirements of the Pure Food and Drug Law.

Under date of November 3, 1906, the United States Department of Agriculture issued to C. W. Abbott & Co., Guaranty Serial Number 138 for their Angostura Bitters. This means that those who deal in Abbott's Angostura Bitters are thoroughly protected. The issuance of a serial number by the proper Government officials is the dealer's guarantee. Moreover, should any question arise at any time as to the purity of Abbott's Angostura Bitters, or whether the Law has been conformed to, the responsibility is thrown entirely upon the manufacturers.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md., the manufacturers of the widely known Angostura Bitters, believe that the trade realizes that they are in a position, and have the ability, to take care of them in all issues that may arise.

EVANS
ALE
AND
STOUT

Substantially backed by the preference of ale drinkers for 120 years.

PERPETUAL DISCONTENT.

I pick the winner; yet I sigh
For, later, when his course I scan,
I nearly always wish that I
Had voted for the other man.
— *Washington Star.*

THERE is an impression in Europe that the Japanese, having had a taste of war, will develop an ungovernable appetite in that direction.— *Wash. Star.*

"SEEING LONDON."

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

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By "O'Neill."
Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

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By Stuart Travis.
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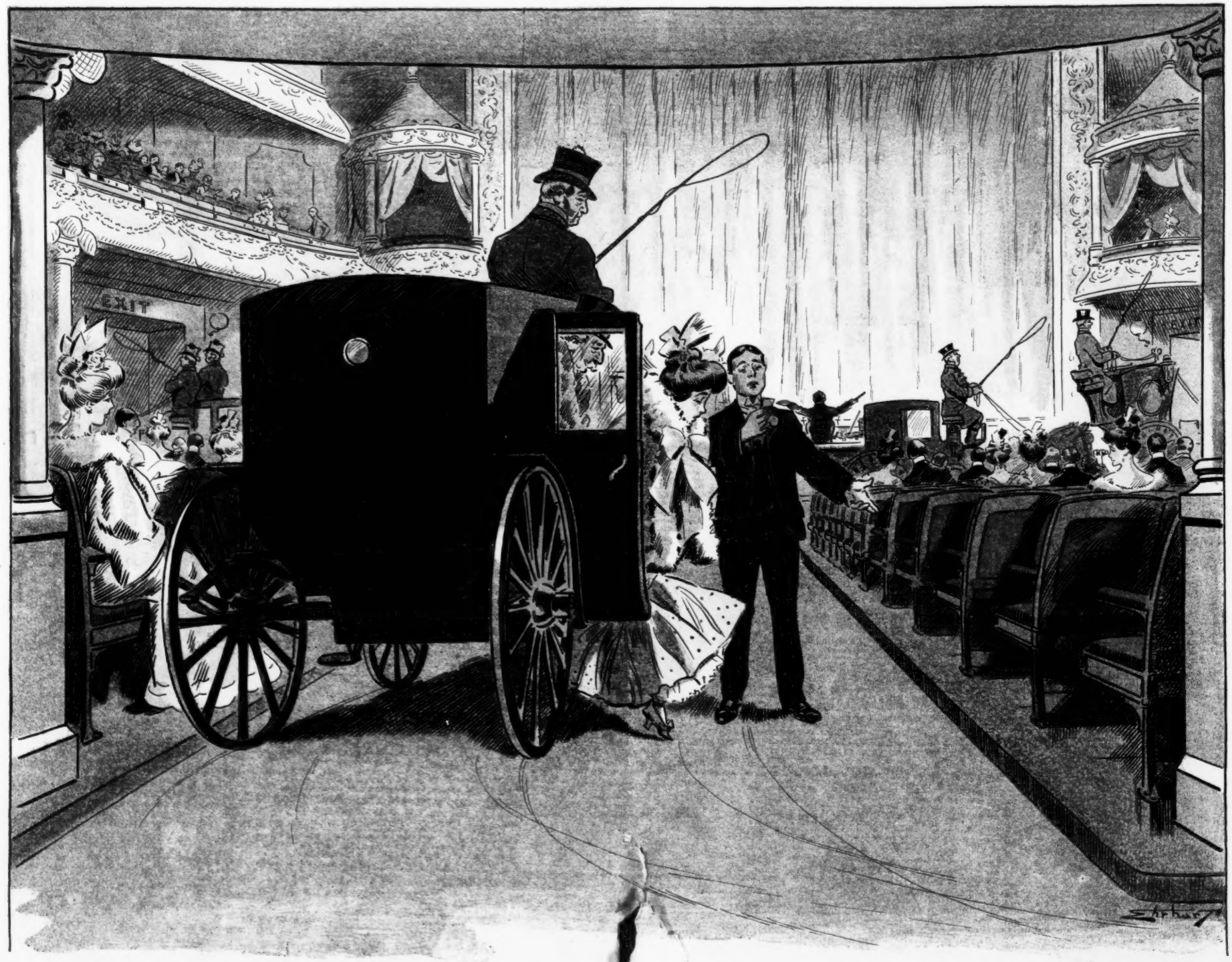
LOS ANGELES—Four Days from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE IMPROVED THEATER AISLE.

SOCIETY NOW FINDS IT A HARDSHIP TO WALK FROM THE CURB TO THEIR SEATS.

AP
101
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VOL. LX. No. 1555. PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 19, 1906. PRICE TEN CENTS.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

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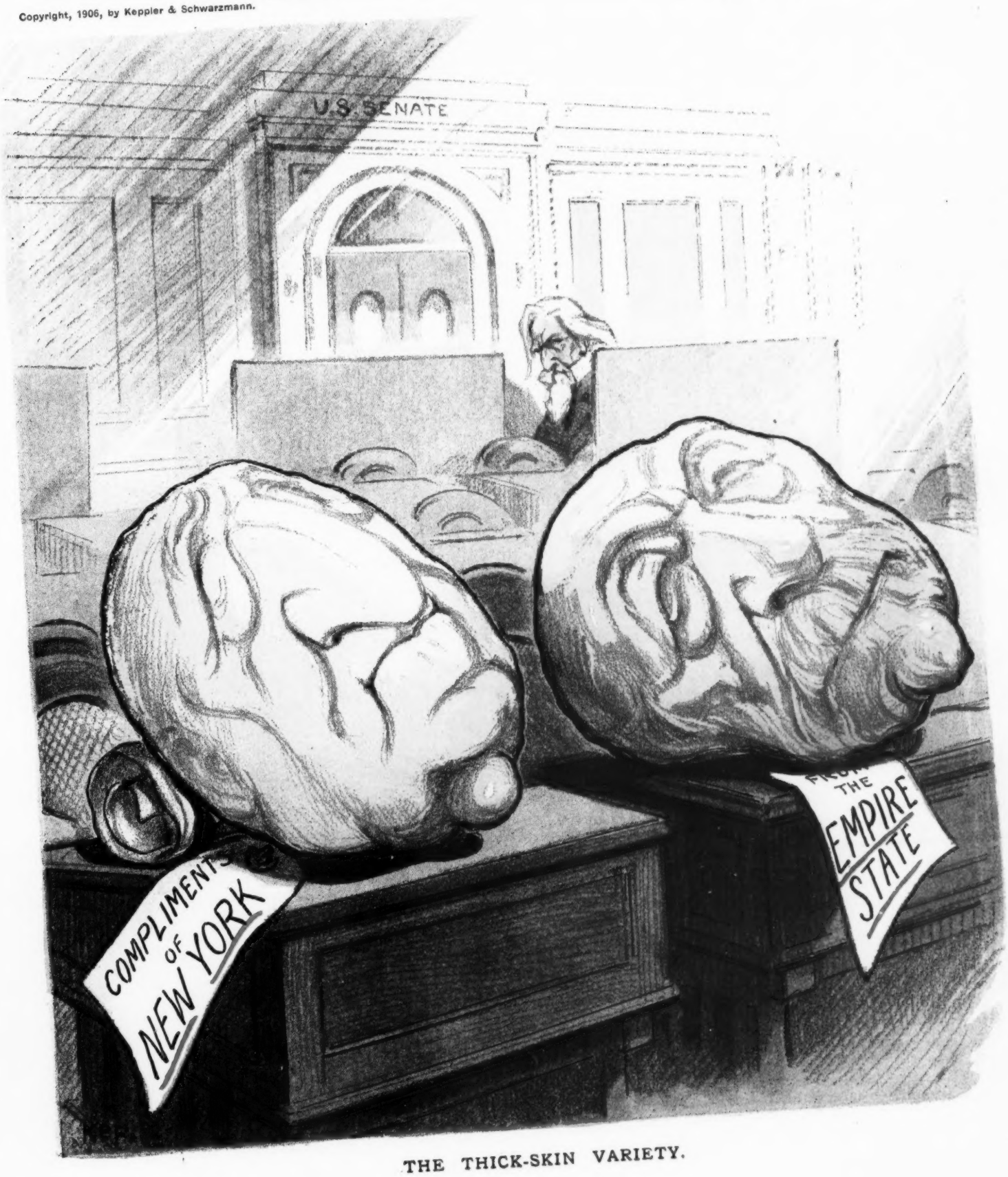

THE THICK-SKIN VARIETY.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

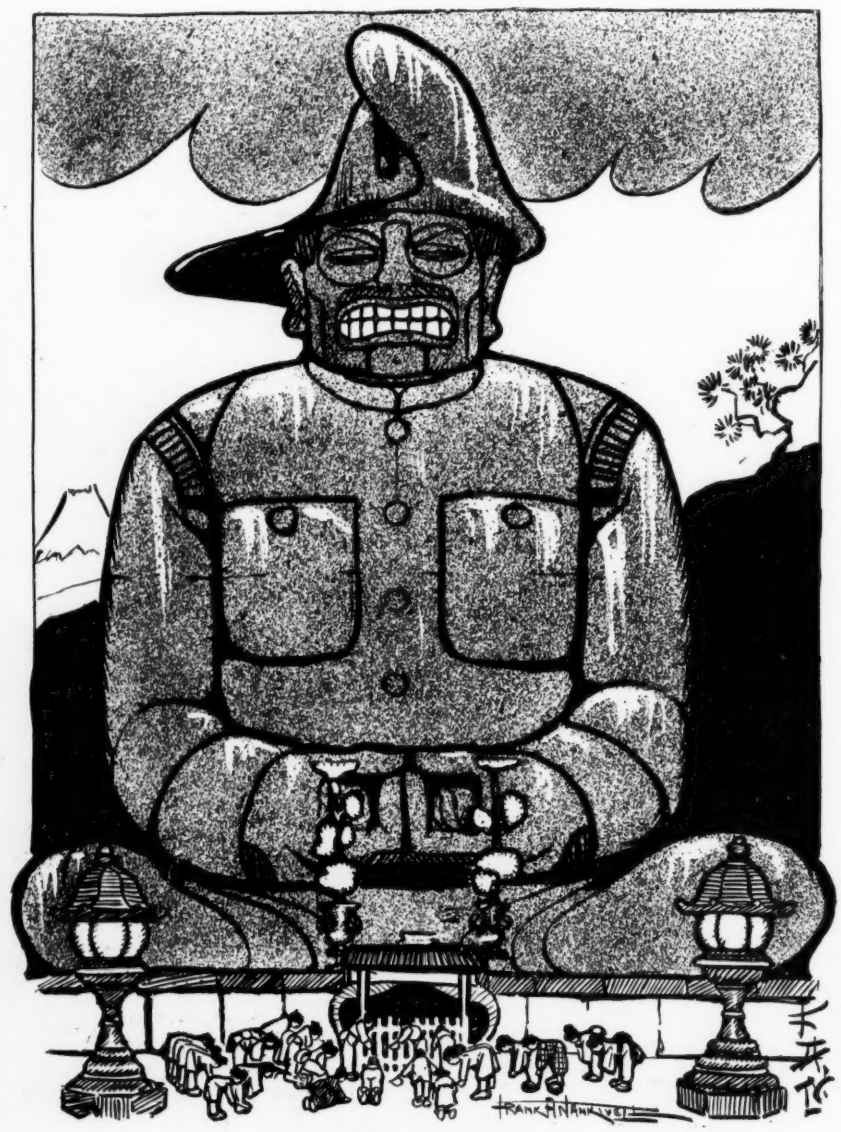
SAID { BOWEN / WHITNEY / CHANDLER / TILLMAN / BAILEY } to Bellamy Storer: "Welcome, brother!"

ANY DAY he wants to claim it, Secretary Bonaparte may have a job at union wages, triple pay for overtime, on the staff of this paper. His request for permission to buy armor plate abroad, when the prices in our home market are "exorbitant and unreasonable," is easily the funniest thing we have read this month. To get the full strength of its incomparable humor, one must bear in mind, of course, that it is the great and beneficent Stand-Pat Tariff which the Secretary finds so irksome and from the operations of which he wishes to be relieved. Guess what the ordinary consumer — YOU and the rest of us — has the privilege of doing when home market prices are exorbitant and unreasonable?

TO BE sure, it is nobody's business, but has Senator Depew completed that sweeping resignation from directorates that he mapped out for himself, in a burst of a virtue, last winter?

IN ONE way or another Mr. Roosevelt has more trouble than a cow in flytime. But he gains weight on it.

THE PRESIDENT, we read, freely consults with Senator Platt on matters pertaining to the Empire State. The doctrine of "civic decency" is getting a bump or two.



A NEW JAP IDOL.

THE DISTINGUISHED winner of the Nobel peace prize is the author of the sentiment that it is better to fight and be licked than never to fight at all.

REFORMED drunkards and thieves have been relating "experiences" for the benefit of Fifth Avenue church congregations, and have been listened to with polite interest. But what Fifth Avenue would like to be cured of is ennui and ingrowing dullness; and that is something the worst Bowery bum knows little about.

BEFORE confirming his elevation to the post of Attorney General, the Senate sought to make sure that Secretary Bonaparte was not "a friend of the money devil." Think of the Senate objecting to a man because he was a friend of the money devil!

E. R. THOMAS, a local millionaire sport, "said with a laugh," when before the magistrate, that his auto "was probably going at the speed charged." Some method must be devised for curing the gentry of the laughing habit.

MR. BELLAMY STORER'S diplomacy is not even diplomacy in shirt-sleeves. It is diplomacy in a union suit.

MARCONI has been converted to Spiritualism, which is, after all, only an advanced form of wireless.

ONE OF the things which we have resolved not to worry about during 1907 is the reported famine in diamonds.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI FOOM

LATEST FASHIONS FOR MIDNIGHT FIRE-SCARES.

(In ordering any of the above designs, please write plainly the number of the pattern wanted.)

THE USUAL THING.

SEE THE MAN! He is humping his back like a dromedary, distorting his features almost out of recognition, rolling his eyes as if in agony, braying like a donkey, quacking like a wild goose, thrusting out his tongue, hissing, clucking, barking and gurgling, filling the air with gestures like unto those of an inebriated windmill, and altogether making a jibbering idiot of himself. Is he insane?

Oh, no! He is merely a kind-hearted, child-loving bachelor uncle, amusing his infantile nephew.

Then, why does the baby turn blue with fright and screech like a banshee with its tail pinched in a gate?

The child is too young and inexperienced to realize that it is being amused.

EMPTINESS.

"HAVE you read the *Muck-Rake Magazine* this month?"

"I've glanced it through. There's nothing in it."

"Nothing?"

"Positively nothing."

"Well, well! Possibly they are trying the principle of the vacuum cleaner on our public life."

WELL SUPPLIED.

"WHAT 's the difference between insurance and assurance?"

"The distinction is, that the average agent has the former to sell and the latter to burn."

IF SHAKESPEARE HAD WRITTEN FOR BROADWAY.

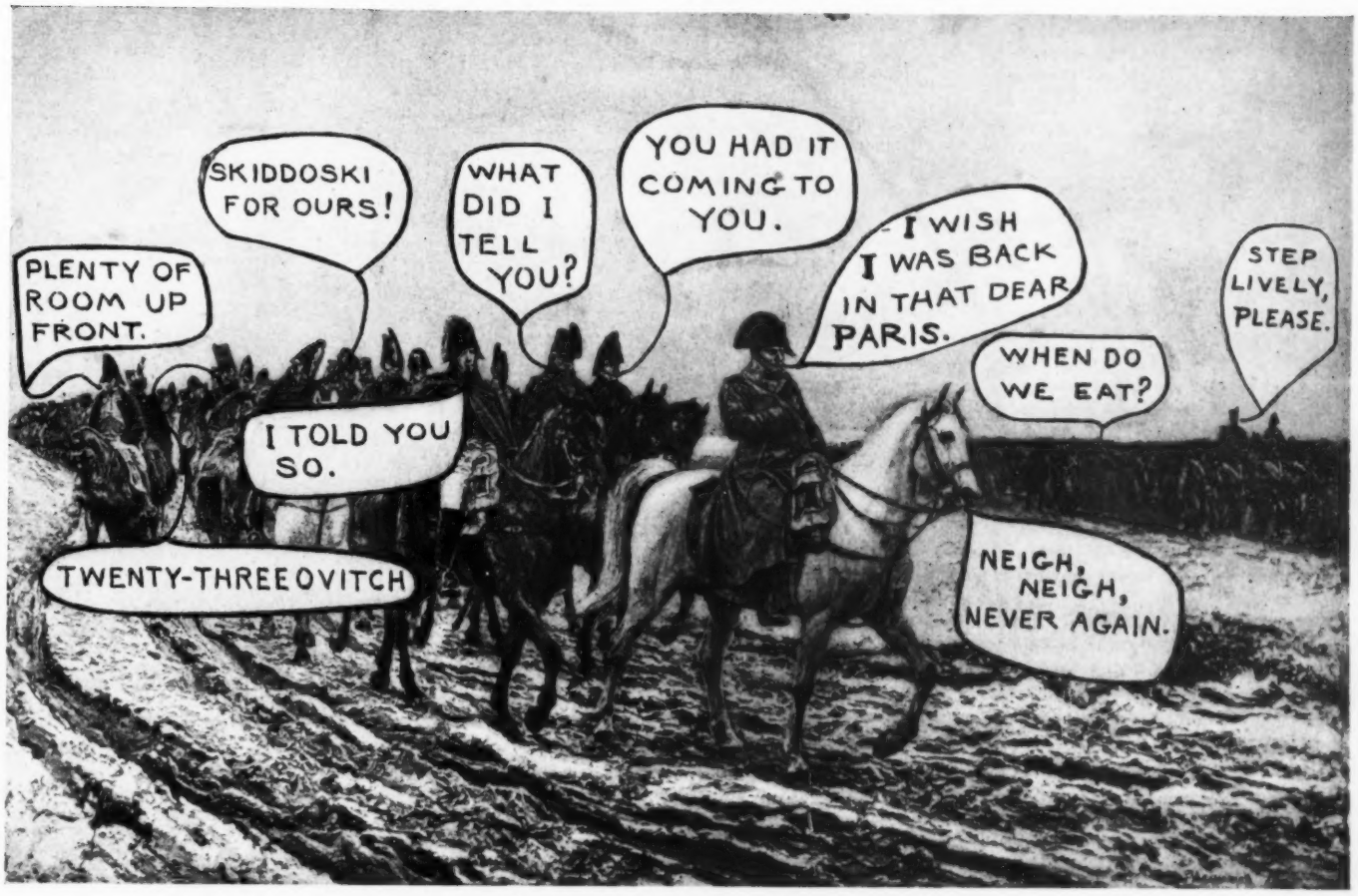
THE WEIRD SISTERS OCTETTE *(as Macbeth enters)*.—Round about the cauldron go, merrily sing Tra-la!

As the Girl Imagines It.

THE BACHELOR DINNER.

As It Usually Is.

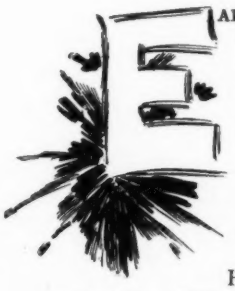
IF MEISSONIER HAD WORKED ON PARK ROW.



NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

THE VACANT THRONE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR GROWN-UPS.



EARLY IN the Fall, Peleg Bailey's widow that was, came back home to Canaan's Corners with a new husband from the State of Michigan. His name was Ebenezer Higgins, and he looked the part.

Mr. Higgins had n't been long in Canaan's Corners before he drifted down to Jared Randall's general store, and made a bid for a throne on a sugar barrel. The thrones were all occupied. The best he could do was a soap box. There was n't any enthusiasm in behalf of Higgins among the young fellows who ornamented the thrones.

It takes a good man to sit on the same sugar barrel and say wisdom year in and year out, and never grow old under the strain. William Skurg, a youthful widower of seventy-two, had graced the barrel nearest the stove for too long to forget it.

Ebenezer Higgins sat on the soap box and brazenly boasted that he was eighty-one, and feelin' so good it nearly frightened him.

Old Jefferson D. Dingle kicked his barrel with both feet.

Young Hiram Hazen, who was seventy and reckless, said "Huh!"

Nobody else said anything.

Except Ebenezer Higgins. He talked freely. Told 'em how behind-hand Canaan's Corners wuz. How superior the West wuz to the East. How strong he felt. He kept coming back to this point. It failed to increase his popularity.

Peleg Bailey's widow was a busy, buxom woman. They all thought it over in silence for a few minutes after her new husband left the store.

"She had n't no need to of went so fur from home t' git married," said William Skurg, almost oracularly. "Ef I 'd had an idee she wuz thinkin' of splicin', I mought of advised her. But she up and went to Michigan and brung back — Him."

Again there was silence, — so profound as to be nearly depressing.

Then Obediah Sperrow spoke: "What that Higgins has t' say, he says dam judicial, don't he?" Mr. Sperrow's utterance lacked little of being savage. Nobody had ever heard him swear since Silas Robinson's cows ate up his garden in the summer of 'seventy-nine.

Mr. Sperrow's example was bad.

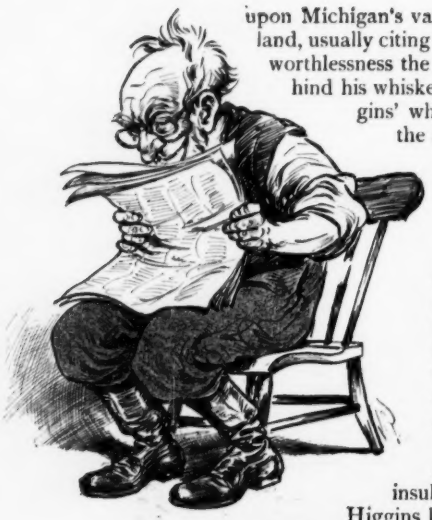
"Huh!" rejoined Reuben Benton. "S'pose he thinks he 's Gosh Durn All-Fired Smart jest because she married him. I don't see such a sight to him but whiskers!"

The silence now was ominous. A delicate point was raised: local pride was in question. Among the proudest possessions of the Citizens of Canaan's Corners were whiskers — time-honored, sage, matchless whiskers. No finer had ever been raised from Maine to California. There was no approved variety not here grown and shown. Obediah Sperrow's were as red and rampant as when he was only sixty; they had n't turned a hair in fifteen years. William Skurg's were veritable Breeze Breakers — the true Bulwark of his countenance, stern and stiff as a gray craig of the seashore. Hiram Hazen's moved when he chewed, and fluttered when he spoke, being chin only, and thus accentuated.

Old Jefferson D. Dingle spoke, his patriarchal whiskers keeping "Time, Time, Time, In a sort of Runic Ryme," as his deliberate sentences were gravely, ponderously, feelingly uttered; said Mr. Dingle: "I o-pine, thet thet appearance, thet our friend Mis-ter Higgins, give, of kinder walkin', acrost, th' store floor here and eout th' door, with a sorter, spruce, young fellowish, walk, wan't nothin' more, nor less, than a Gosh, Darn, Bluff. He couldn't hardly keep his feet, from draggin'!" There was much excitement at the statement by Mr. Dingle. Nobody said anything for ten minutes.

As the months flew by, it became perfectly evident that there was a special enmity between the youthful William Skurg and the young blade who had married Peleg Bailey's widow. In fact, Higgins appeared to court conflict with Mr. Skurg. Always he dwelt

To get rid of the blues — try to bluff four aces.



upon Michigan's vast crops, and disparaged New England, usually citing as a particular example of its general worthlessness the rocky farm of William Skurg. Behind his whiskers, Mr. Skurg bit his lips. Mr. Higgins' whiskers, which somewhat resembled the stuffing to a carriage cushion, had a way of trembling violently, after some of his remarks, as though, perchance, he were laughing. When his face really parted in the centre, and his whiskers were cleft by an array of store teeth that gleamed as white as the white of new ivory, it was a sure thing that he was laughing; but when a fellow couldn't tell for sure whether he was laughing or not, it was very irritating to a sensitive nature.

There was one thing that irritated William Skurg even more than insulting references to his farm: Mr. Higgins had a habit of saying he felt so well he pitied the infirm — whereupon he would look at William Skurg and make remarks about feeble old men whose blood went so slow they had to sit up close to the stove. Rarely did an evening pass without a formal statement by Mr. Higgins that he simply must do something to tone himself down.

Mr. Skurg would have given a quarter of a dollar, any time, to have "wrastled" him. Inside, he was all het up. Outwardly, he preserved a frigid demeanor on his throne — the sugar-barrel next to the stove which for many honorable years he had adorned in contented calm.

A fateful evening came. Ebenezer Higgins arrived at the store in advance of William Skurg and carelessly seated himself on the sugar barrel nearest the stove. Obediah Sperrow, and Jefferson D. Dingle, and Hiram Hazen, and everybody, noticed it — and waited. Presently, William Sturg entered the store. He glared at the occupant of his throne. Deliberately approaching the soap box which hitherto had served Ebenezer Higgins as a seat, William Skurg viciously kicked it into a far corner of the store with a terrible crash. He folded his arms: "I'm feelin' so young t'night," said William, "thet I could do the same thing to th' feller thet sets on th' box when he sets where he b'longs, thet I done to th' box." Mr. Skurg spoke with well controlled emotion, but his voice had a certain suggestion of high-pitched anxiety in it.

Hiram Hazen was suddenly seized by a Devil. He rose from the third sugar barrel to the left, placed his broad hands squarely on William Skurg's back and pushed him straight at Ebenezer Higgins. Mr. Skurg butted into Mr. Higgins like a living thing.

If the breath hadn't been entirely knocked out of Mr. Higgins there might have been a fight. As it was, he had to be taken home in Jared Randall's store team.

"Hiram Hazen," said Mr. Skurg, "yeou sp'iled the hull thing, — I'd made him fight, an' licked him!"

Mr. Skurg and Mr. Higgins were not on speaking terms the rest of the Spring. Mr. Higgins referred to Mr. Skurg as an old Ruffian, whom he should certainly lick were it not for the pitiable feebleness of said Skurg.

Mr. Skurg, however, occupied his throne. Yet Mr. Higgins grew worse and worse, as he sat on the soap box night after night, and boasted of his Feelings. William Skurg became tired, very tired, and yet more tired.

Summer was gone. 'Twas a crisp Autumn evening after an early first frost; the restive blood current was fairly dancing thro' the youthful veins of William Skurg as he mounted his throne at Randall's store, and threw one leg over the other. Ebenezer Higgins had not yet appeared. Hiram Hazen said something in a low tone to Jefferson D. Dingle.

"Git eout!" said Mr. Dingle, incredulously; "I never, heard o' sech a thing, *and*, I shan't, believe it, neow."

"Well," put in Obediah Sperrow, "Bime-bye yeou'll hev to; my wife wuz up to Mis' Higgins' this afternoon. *It 's so.*"

William Skurg leaned closer, as they talked. His forehead grew ashen and gray, as he listened. . . . Ebenezer Higgins entered the store. His step was quick, brisk, defiant. A hellish glitter was in his eye. William Skurg slipped from his throne, and left the store.

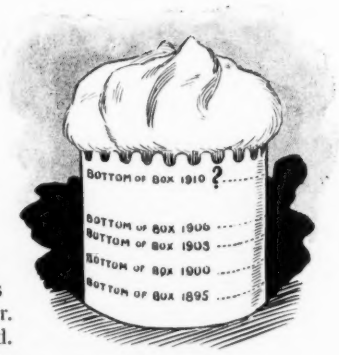
Christmas at Canaan's Corners came clear and icy; a sleet storm the day before made the walking bad; it would have been perilous for old persons — had there been any such in Canaan's Corners.

Randall's store was crowded on the evening of Christmas Day. An interesting event had occurred in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Higgins that morning, and was being discussed.

Two men there were, who were lacking to the assemblage.

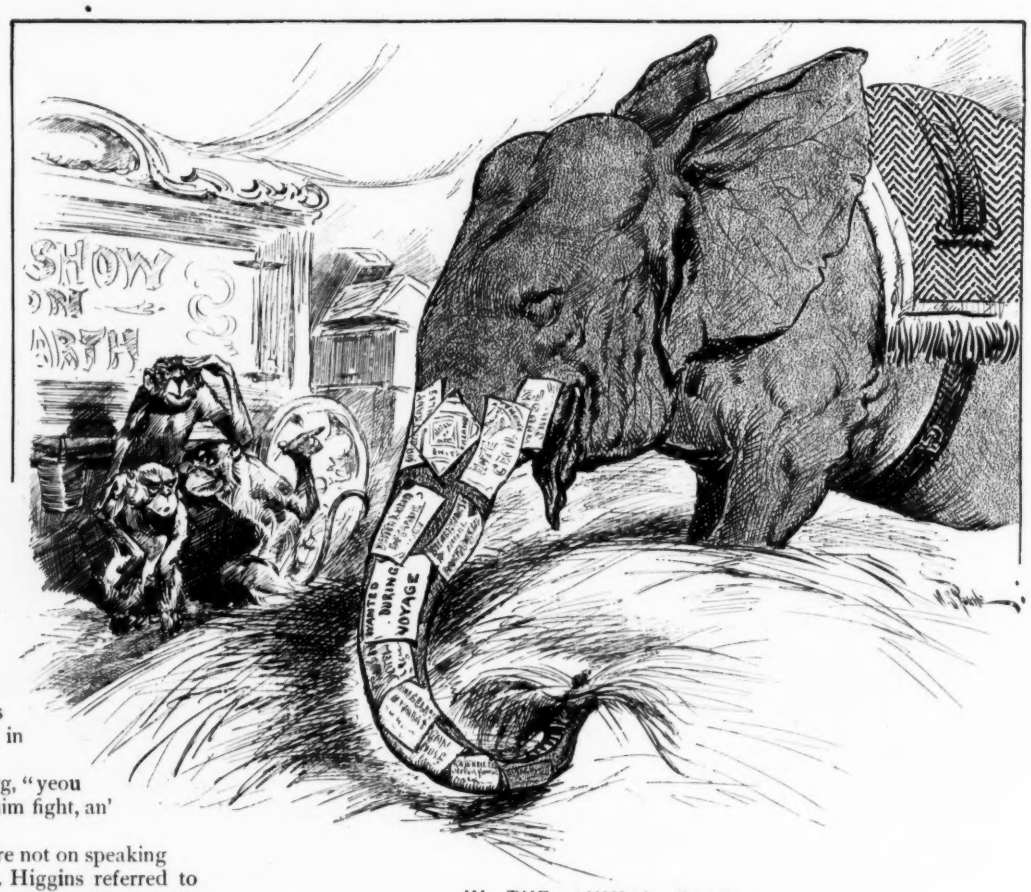
Ebenezer Higgins was not present, being detained at home with his wife, and their son.

As for William Skurg, his throne was vacant. *Fred. Ladd.*



GOING UP!

A CHARLOTTE RUSSE AS THE SYMBOL OF AMERICAN "PROSPERITY."



IN THE ANIMAL TENT.

ONE OF THE MONKS.— It's ridiculous the way he carries around a trunk full of labels, just to show he's been abroad!

Some books would be more popular if they were booklets.

IN THE VISITORS' GALLERY OF THE SENATE.

"WHICH IS DEAR, OLD SENATOR PLATT?"

"When Count Boni de Castellane ascended the tribune," relates a Paris dispatch, "half the deputies abruptly left the house." But when Senators Depew and Platt entered the Senate chamber in Washington they were greeted with smiles and handclasps. And yet some people think that the French are an immoral people, with no sense of decency.

While you are scraping the bottom boards of your coal bin it is a comfort to reflect that the coal supply in the United States will last for 4,000 or 5,000 years. In view of the Geological Survey's reassuring report the Republican party has postponed for 4,000 years any reconsideration of the tariff on the pauper coal of Europe.

Oculists report a new eye disease. The man next to you in the street car who tries to read your newspaper, has the disease, or is getting it.

B. L. T.

SMALL SIZES.

A STATELY, stunning maid is she,
You hardly will believe it,
Yet 16 inches spans her waist!
A marvel to achieve it.

In gloves as well as girdles, she'll
Have naught but smallest size.
And so the patient fitter sweats!
A 5 she always buys.

A dainty foot enhances charms
No matter how it aches.
So whether slippers, boots or shoes,
A 3 she always takes.

And now its whispered everywhere,
Alas! I fear 'tis true.
In marriage, lower still her choice —
A *blank* they say she drew.

May Kelly.

DECEMBER DIGS.

PRESIDENT MELLEN of the New Haven railroad, better known as the "Commuter's Friend," has taken steps to alleviate the misery of the patrons of his road. A dining car will be attached to every local train leaving New York between 3 and 6 p. m., and will be detached at 125th Street. Sleeping-cars will also be attached for the use of commuters living beyond the Harlem River. Special commutation tickets are to be issued for wives who may desire to come to the city in the afternoon and spend the evening with their husbands on the outgoing locals. Commuters are now forming bridge-whist clubs and other social organizations to pass away the hours, and have petitioned President Mellen to provide extra baggage cars in which dances may be held. A winter of exceptional gayety on the rail is looked forward to.

Andrew Carnegie is now giving away lakes, instead of libraries. This is a decided improvement, since it is impossible to create a lake as ugly as a Carnegie library building. Small cities and towns desiring lakes in their midst should apply at once to Mr. Carnegie, who will undoubtedly consent to provide the hole in the ground if the town will provide the water.

THE REAL THING.

MISS COOPAH *(in background)*.—She am mos' pow'ful proud ob dat ar di'mon' brooch whut her husband gin her whun dey was married.

MR. SINCLAIR.—Huh! I s'pose she 'magines hit am gennywine cut glass.

THE PUCK PRESS

UNTO THEM THA

DISTRIBUTION OF CHRISTMAS GOODIES BY THE

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ROOM.

M THAT HATH.

IES BY THE REPUBLICAN SALVATION ARMY.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

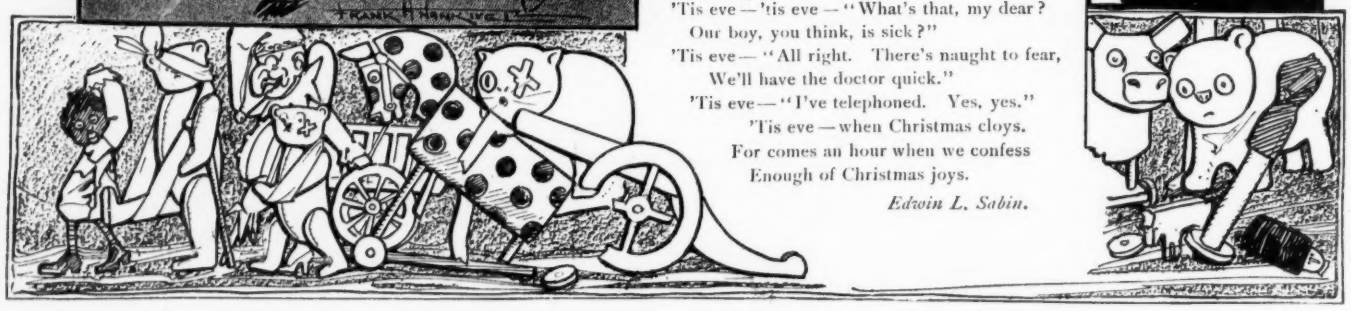
'TIS FOUR A. M. — and Willie sweet,
(Who young is as the morn),
Is scamp'ring 'round on dimpled feet
And laughing sleep to scorn.
"Hi-yi!" "Look, look!" Awake, awake,
Progenitors of boys,
(And girls as well), and pleasure take,
For such are Christmas joys!

The morn advances — "Squeaky! Squeak!"
The morn — "Tum, tum! Toot, toot!"
The morn — "Hush! Papa wants to speak!
Yes, dear; the cat 's a beaut."
The morn — "Look here, young man, you *must*
Quit making so much noise!"
The morn — Ah, well: his rights are just.
And such are Christmas joys.

The day draws on — the day doth wane —
The day — "Thank God for *that!*
The drum may bang with might and main
But squeackless is his cat."
The day, I say — this house is all
One mass of broken toys!
I step on them in room and hall.
But such are Christmas joys.

'Tis eve — 'tis eve — "What's that, my dear?
Our boy, you think, is sick?"
'Tis eve — "All right. There's naught to fear,
We'll have the doctor quick."
'Tis eve — "I've telephoned. Yes, yes."
'Tis eve — when Christmas cloys.
For comes an hour when we confess
Enough of Christmas joys.

Edwin L. Sabin.



CAUSE FOR CAUTION.

"MUH FRIENDS," with deep feeling said Brother Dinger, rising in his place during a recent revival meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, "de 'arthquake of conviction has done grabbed me and shook me fum ridge-pole to foundation-stone, and I's mightily moved to shout fo'th what a sinnah I's been, but I dess don't dar' do it uh-whilst de Grand Jury am in sesession!"

"De Lawd will fuhgive yo', muh tremblin' brudder!" cried the pastor.

"Yassah! Yassah! I organizes dat, but de trouble am dat de Lawd ain't on de Grand Jury!"

ARBOREAL AND SORTORIAL.

THAT trees are inconsistent
'Tis dollars to a dime,
When they go bare in winter
And dress in summer time.

MODESTY IN ANIMALS.

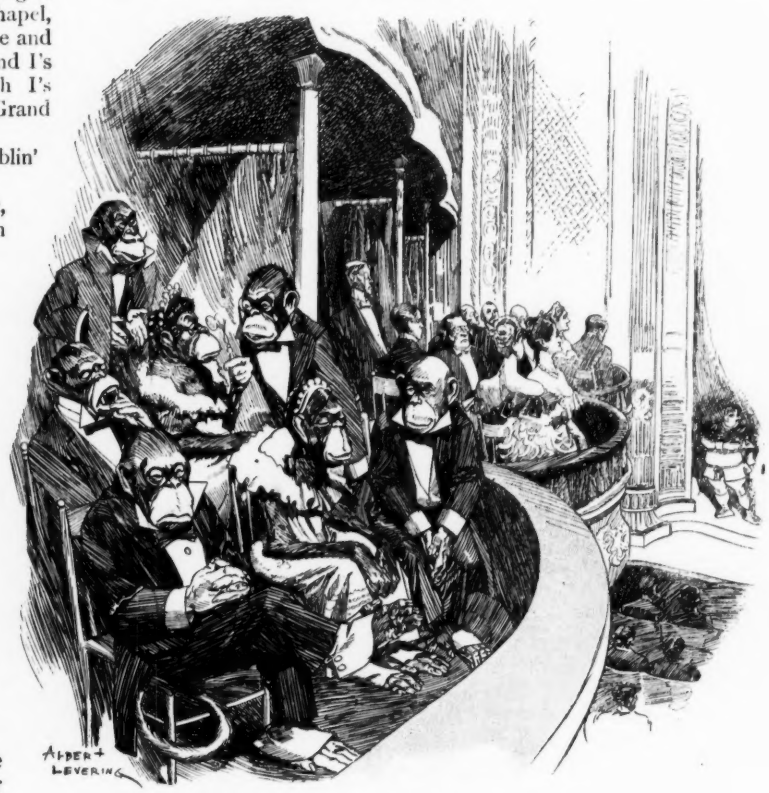
AS I SAT in the jungle, eating my lunch, a tigress came up, and I engaged her in conversation, casually.

"Why is it," I asked, for the want of something better, "that elephants make a point of bathing every day, in the river, while you shun the water wholly?"

"Well, of course, they have their trunks, you know," she replied, and colored slightly, so that I hastened to crave her pardon, for I had no thought of being indelicate.

WHAT young people need about the most these days, is some means by which they can tell, always and certainly, whether its their hearts they've lost, or only their heads.

THE Polar expeditions would be more popular if they could start in June and come back in September.



CARUSO NIGHT AT THE OPERA.

AVOIDING THE COMMONPLACE.

A YOUNG reporter was given an assignment to write the obituary of a prominent Western pioneer. He wrote as follows:

"Citizens of this State will be very much grieved to learn that Uncle Joseph Hawley has been gathered to his fathers. He had been confined to his bed for three months with a serious ailment, and while hope was entertained that he would recover, his death was not altogether unexpected.

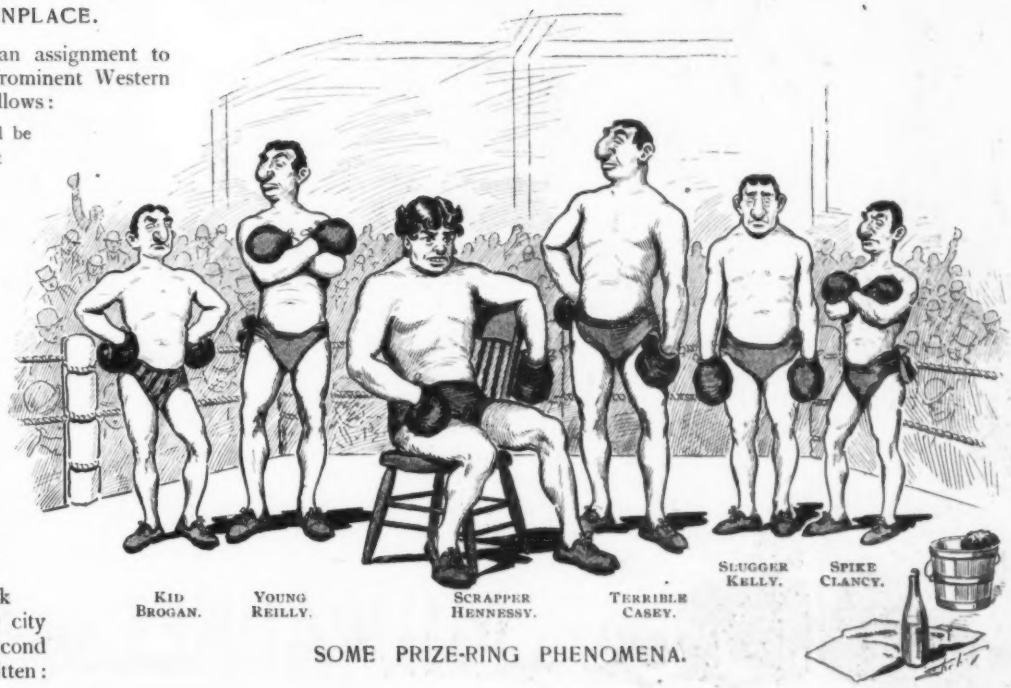
Thus is another well-known pioneer the victim of the grim reaper, and another sturdy spirit has crossed the range."

The city editor remonstrated, with more than ordinary patience, "You better write this over again, my boy," he said. "Don't use so many old expressions. Try to keep everything new and up-to-date. Don't use so many hackneyed phrases. Originality is what we want."

The young reporter seized upon his task with avidity. Presently he approached the city editor's desk and breathlessly laid his second effort upon it. This is what he had written:

"Everybody will shed tears when they hear that "Josh" Hawley has joined his ancestors. He has been about all in for nearly three months, and while a good many people kept kidding themselves with the idea that he would get well, it was a cinch he had to go.

Thus is another of the old boys mowed down, and another soul has bored a tunnel through the great divide."



SOME PRIZE-RING PHENOMENA.

THE MODERN SAMSON.

"THEY say he's wonderfully strong. Is he, do you know?"

"I should say he is! He can lift a Christmas magazine in one hand."

THE END OF THE ELOPEMENT.

Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

Miller "High Life" Beer is a beer of superior Quality.
We brew from the choicest malt and hops.
We use every precaution to insure ABSOLUTE PURITY and CLEANLINESS.
We age our beer in underground vaults.
We filter through pulp wood.
We sterilize every bottle.

Yeast contributes to the fine character of a beer. It is the superior quality of OUR YEAST that gives the rich individual taste to OUR BEER.
It is for these reasons that the SUPERIORITY of QUALITY, and the rich "Miller" taste of "High Life" is evident in every bottle.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY, Distributors, 135-137-139 West 42d St., New York.

MILWAUKEE

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man is ever too busy to be polite.

A grafter by any other name would still be a thief.

Flattery when practiced as a fine art is called tact.

Many a man who calls himself conservative is but a coward.

Save up your pennies and your heirs will squander your dollars.

Some children fear the dark as much as some men fear the light.

Sinners would have a lot more fun if good people would let them alone.

A brunette may be a decided blonde—after she has decided to be a blonde.

Other people's self-admiration proves that there is no accounting for tastes.

And it sometimes happens that there is no harmony in the home of a music composer.

When a girl finds herself in a box at the opera for the first time she thinks she's the whole show.—*Chicago Daily News.*

FRANCE is going to legislate against the fast-flying automobile. If they are not careful, it will run over the legislation.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK
All kinds of Paper made to order.

CHEW...
Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin
Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

THE PHILOSOPHIC VIEW.

MRS. TOPFLATTE.—Anyway, George, we oughtn't to complain. It does very nicely as an ice-box.

A SINGLE ORDER OF BOTTLES FOR

HUNTER WHISKEY

IF PLACED END TO END WOULD REACH FROM
BALTIMORE
TO
CHICAGO
THIS GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE MAGNITUDE OF ITS POPULARITY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

I.W. HARPER RYE
ON EVERY TONGUE
Famous For Its Quality
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

HIS WIFE'S.

KNOX. — Henpeck's an insignificant little creature. Underhand, too, don't you think?

WISE.—No; merely under thumb. — *Cath. Standard and Times.*

CRUEL.

PATIENCE.—I see an Illinois preacher has arranged to deliver his own funeral sermon by means of a phonograph.

PATRICE. — If some people I know adopted this plan, it would have a tendency to popularize the phonograph. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

The first thing in the morning, if you need a bracer should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

Brand's A1 SAUCE
NO MUTTON CHOP OR WELSH RABBIT COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.

THOSE PICTURE POST-CARDS.

MISS DE STYLE. —How far did you go on your vacation?

MISS GUNBUSTA. —Thirty post-cards up the Hudson, and then forty-two post-cards west. — *Woman's Home Companion.*

FORCE OF HABIT.

They were excavating Herculaneum.

"Who's got the franchise?" exclaimed the New York tourist.

He explained later that he supposed, of course, it was a subway scheme.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bar Keeper's Friend

Between New York and Chicago in 23 1-2 hours
Via New York Central—Lake Shore Route . . . . "LAKE SHORE LIMITED."

Wilson –

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle:

That's All!

THE KANGAROO.

"I didn't get to the field sports in time," said the hare. "Was there anything interesting?"

"Yes," replied the tortoise, "that big Australian champion broke the record in the 100-yard jump."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

MISTAKEN IDEA.

SHE.—They say the normal life of a mouse is three years.

HE.—Then a woman's screams don't frighten 'em to death, after all.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IN OLD KENTUCKY.

THE SALESMAN.—Do you take much food with your meals, Majuh?

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Woman is the one problem that science can never solve.

Those who win success by practice haven't time to preach.

It is easier to write silly letters than it is not to mail them.

Some run-down reputations couldn't be uplifted with dynamite.

It takes a woman to do things properly without knowing how.

Villains in the plays have to be awfully bad in order to make good.

A man's particular friends are often those who are not too particular.

The spinster has a strenuous time trying to make herself believe that she is a man hater.

Stake the average man to a drink, a square meal and a good cigar, and he cares not how wags the world.

The owner of a yacht and an automobile ought to be able to run into debt faster than a man who has to walk.—*Chicago Daily News.*

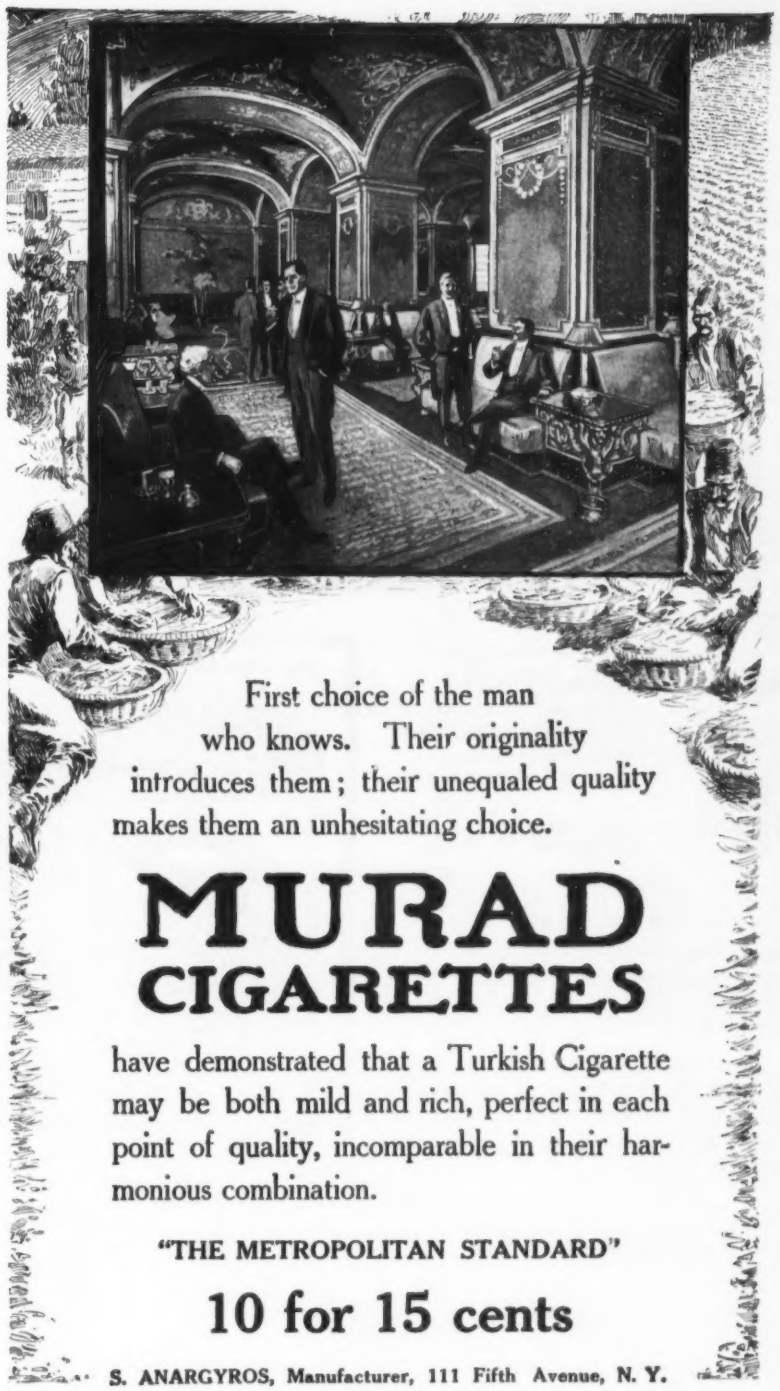
THE TROUBLE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Who was it that the whale swallowed?

TOMMY.—Why—er-er—

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Come, now, that's an easy question.

TOMMY.—Oh, it ain't the question that bothers me, but the answer.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



First choice of the man who knows. Their originality introduces them; their unequaled quality makes them an unhesitating choice.

MURAD
CIGARETTES

have demonstrated that a Turkish Cigarette may be both mild and rich, perfect in each point of quality, incomparable in their harmonious combination.

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

THE young man who accepts a situation frequently gets a salary that is smaller than the wages of the young man who gets a job.—*Somerv. Journal.*

THE rubber trust fits in well in the Congo country. Business there is largely confined to bouncing the natives.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A CITY hotel is a philanthropic institution that furnishes stationery and a lounging place for people who are too stingy to buy letter paper and can't afford to join a club.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C. 311 N. Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich. 265 So. College Ave.
St. Louis, Mo. 2803 Locust St.
Omaha, Neb. Cor. Cass & 25th Sts.
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Buffalo, N. Y.
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Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
London, England.

A Safe Gift to Him

There seems to be inborn in every man a love for good firearms. When the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give him?" comes around, it is always safe to decide upon the

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

It is so good and so safe that as many Iver Johnsons are being sold as of all other makes combined. It's the best house and office weapon, and the best for the pocket. If the hammer hits against the top of the bureau-drawer, or catches in the pocket, the revolver cannot discharge. In fact you can "**Hammer the Hammer**" without fear of accidental discharge. Pull the **trigger** and it shoots quick and true.

Our Free Booklet "Shots" Tells More in Detail

just how the Iver Johnson works. Our handsome catalogue goes with it.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge, **$5.00**

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge, - - - - **$6.00**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
152 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast: P. B. Bekeart Co., 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal. Europe: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.

Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns.

The Most Pleasing Flattery to the Guest's Judgment

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Garrick Club

Rye Whiskey

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

SIMPLIFIED STATESMANSHIP.

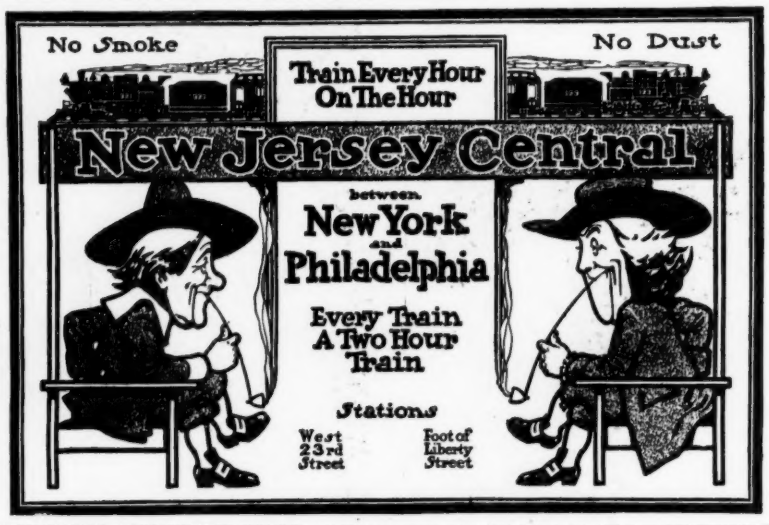
'Twill be the same old story
That in sessions past we've got;
Some men will say we need reform,
While some say we do not;
Some want the tariff modified
On this point or on that,
But I don't care for argument,
I'll just keep standing pat.
—*Washington Star.*

WHAT SCARED HIM.

MRS. BACON.—My boy has been afraid of the dark ever since he was a child.

MRS. EGBERT.—How do you account for that?

MRS. BACON.—You see, his father used to sing to him every night when it was growing dark.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



COULDN'T HIT A BARN DOOR.

REDD.—You say he's a great hunter?

GREENE. — Oh my, yes. He's hunted every kind of game.

"Did he ever hunt elephants?"

"My, yes!"

"Ever kill one?"

"I think not. He's fired at 'em lots of time, but I don't think he ever struck one!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MR. FAIRBANKS finds that the pneumatic tires on his presidential boom are inclined to skid a little.—*Chicago Daily News.*

APPARENTLY forcing the simplified spelling issue upon Congress for decision is merely one of the stand-patters' last ditches.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PARSON BOOK AGENTS.

CHURCH.—What do you think of Mrs. Parson's book on "The Family?"

GOTHAM.—I think she's got some good minister book agents.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TILLMAN'S lecture on "The Annexation of Cuba" did not come within a mile of hitting the target.—*Chicago Daily News.*

PERHAPS you have noticed that the indignation with which a woman tells how a horrid man in a street car actually tried to flirt with her is always tempered with an apparent sense of pride.—*Somerville Journal.*

IT is quite clear that if unmolested by suits of any kind the railways could give less expensive service. But there would be that eternal temptation to convert the extra saving into salaries and dividends.—*Washington Star.*

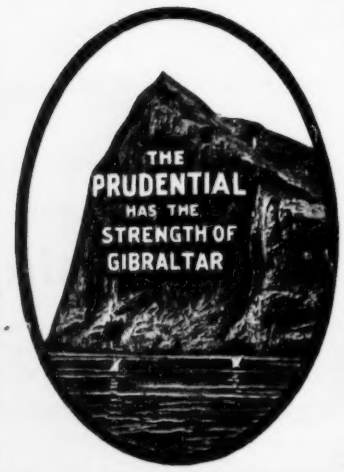
THE DREAD OF RICHES.

The man of $10 a week income had just been rejected. Vainly he pleaded to have the case re-opened.

"No, George," said the girl firmly, "I have read that all millionaires begin on $10 a week or less, and I deem myself unworthy to be the wife of a millionaire. Some poor fellow with about $20,000 a year might catch me, though," she added thoughtfully.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GRAFTERS who fattened on the Russian famine fund and San Francisco earthquake fund grafters have achieved special eminence in the world-wide brotherhood of rascals.—*Chicago Daily News.*

ALMOST any minister of a fashionable church can make some of the members of his congregation feel that he is hitting at them personally now by preaching a sermon showing how wicked it is to cheat at bridge.—*Somerville Journal.*



THE PRUDENTIAL'S PROMPTNESS

in payment of claims has relieved thousands of families.

It is worth much to a man to know, that when he goes, his wife and children will *not* have to wait for his life insurance money.

Promptness,—hearty, systematic, very welcome promptness means much to the beneficiary.

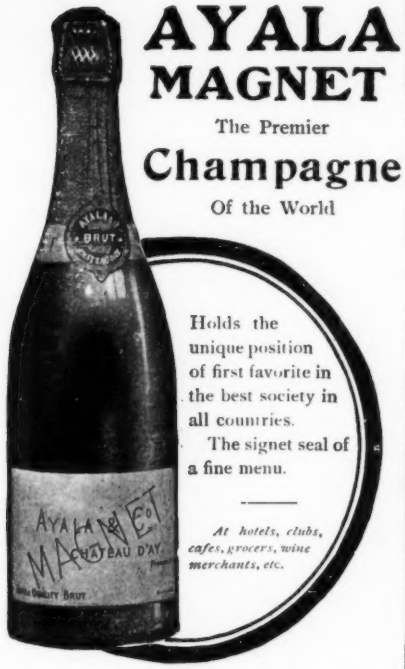
Be prompt in securing a Prudential policy. The Prudential will be prompt when settling the claim.

A post card will bring rates. Write Dept. P.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. **Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.**



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The Premier

Champagne

Of the World

Holds the unique position of first favorite in the best society in all countries.

The signet seal of a fine menu.

At hotels, clubs, cafes, grocers, wine merchants, etc.

NOT PLEASANT TO CONTEMPLATE.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my boy."

"Why are ducks web-footed?"

"So they can swim, my son."

"And will I have to become web-footed before I can swim, pop?" —*Yonkers Statesman.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. "Its Purity Has Made It Famous." Invaluable in the Home and Office.

A QUESTION.

TOMMY.—I want some chocolate caramels.

DEALER.—How much do you want, sonny?

TOMMY.—I want enough. How much will that come to?—*Philadelphia Ledger*

ALL IN THE "TOUCH."

CHURCH.—To be successful, a beggar should be like a popular pianist.

GOTHAM.—I see. He should have a pleasing touch.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IT must be a great trial to a young man to spend a long time considering which of two girls he has been paying attention to it is best for him to marry, and then to find that neither one will have him.—*Somerville Journal.*

Choosing a Cravat

In selecting a Cravat be guided not only by the attractiveness of color and pattern, but choose with due consideration for wearing quality and correctness of cut.

KEISER CRAVATS

offer a wide selection of the very latest effects in Cravats of all styles—the name "Keiser" on each Cravat guarantees its quality and wear.

Sold by dealers in good furnishings.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.

An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of six cents in stamps.

JAMES R. KEISER,
WHOLESALE ONLY
10-16 W. 20th Street, New York.

BEST MADE KEISER CRAVATS WEAR GUARANTEED

A Club-Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT

The best beginning to Christmas merriment and the most delightful drink in the world. To be prized for their uniform delicacy in flavor, for their rare smoothness—of perfectly blended old liquors, aged in wood to exquisite mellowness. No chance-proportioned, unblended cocktail can possibly be so good. CLUB COCKTAILS are measure-mixed to absolute uniformity.

Seven kinds—all delightful—of good grocers everywhere

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York London

EXPLAINED.

"What do you call your dog, Henry?"

"I call him Hen, sir."

"After yourself, I suppose?"

"No; I call him Hen because he's a setter, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

JOHN JAMESON

THREE ★★★ STAR

WHISKEY

Produced with pride for those of pride

Sole Agents:
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
New York.

A Practical Xmas Tip

One of the most thoughtful and acceptable Christmas presents is a barrel (containing 10 doz. bottles) of good old

Evans' Ale

It would certainly be a treat for yourself and your friends. Promotes the good cheer of Christmas and oils the hinges of friendship.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way of Wishing Good and Doing Good

Nearest dealer will supply it, or write to
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

Penalty 1000 Dollars

and imprisonment for not more than two years is imposed by the United States on any person who shall **re-use** or **refill** a bottle of our Rye or Bourbon Whiskey **without removing and destroying the United States Treasury Department's Green Stamp.**

SENATE WING OF CAPITOL BUILDING

Sunny Brook

STRAIGHT Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

is bottled in its pure, honest, natural state according to the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed by the President (March 3d, 1897). The U. S. Treasury Dept's Green Stamp seals every bottle of Sunny Brook which proves that it is bottled and sealed under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials. Sunny Brook is the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. For sale everywhere.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

"The 20th Century Limited"

FASTEST LONG DISTANCE TRAIN IN THE WORLD

VIA THE

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

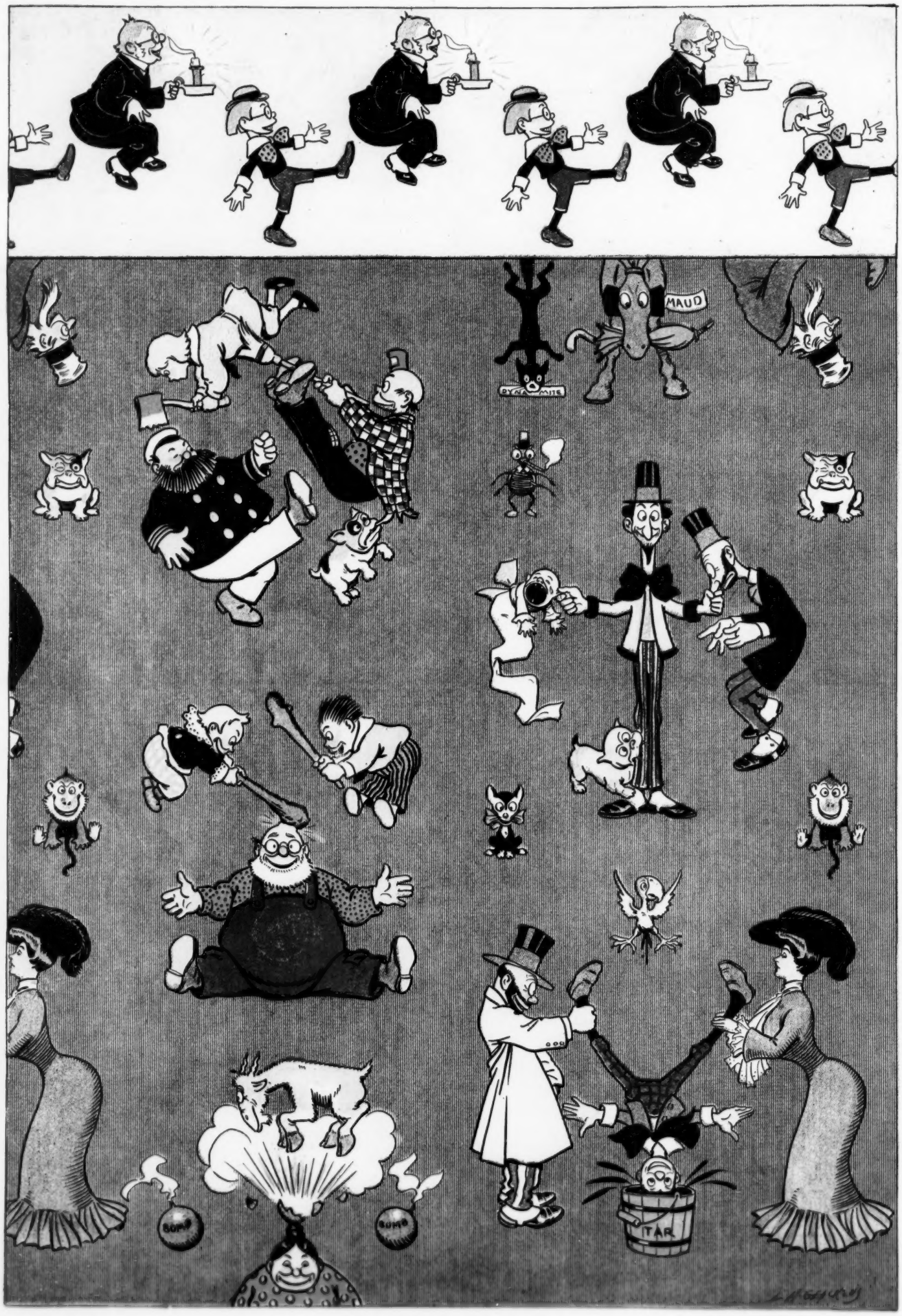
"America's Greatest Railroad"

THIS magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Baths (Fresh and with Sea Salt), Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast trains between

NEW YORK, BOSTON
and
BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI
INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS
the West and Southwest

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, NEW YORK



THE PUCK PRESS

NURSERY WALLPAPER.

EXPRESSLY DESIGNED FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE COMIC PEOPLE.